

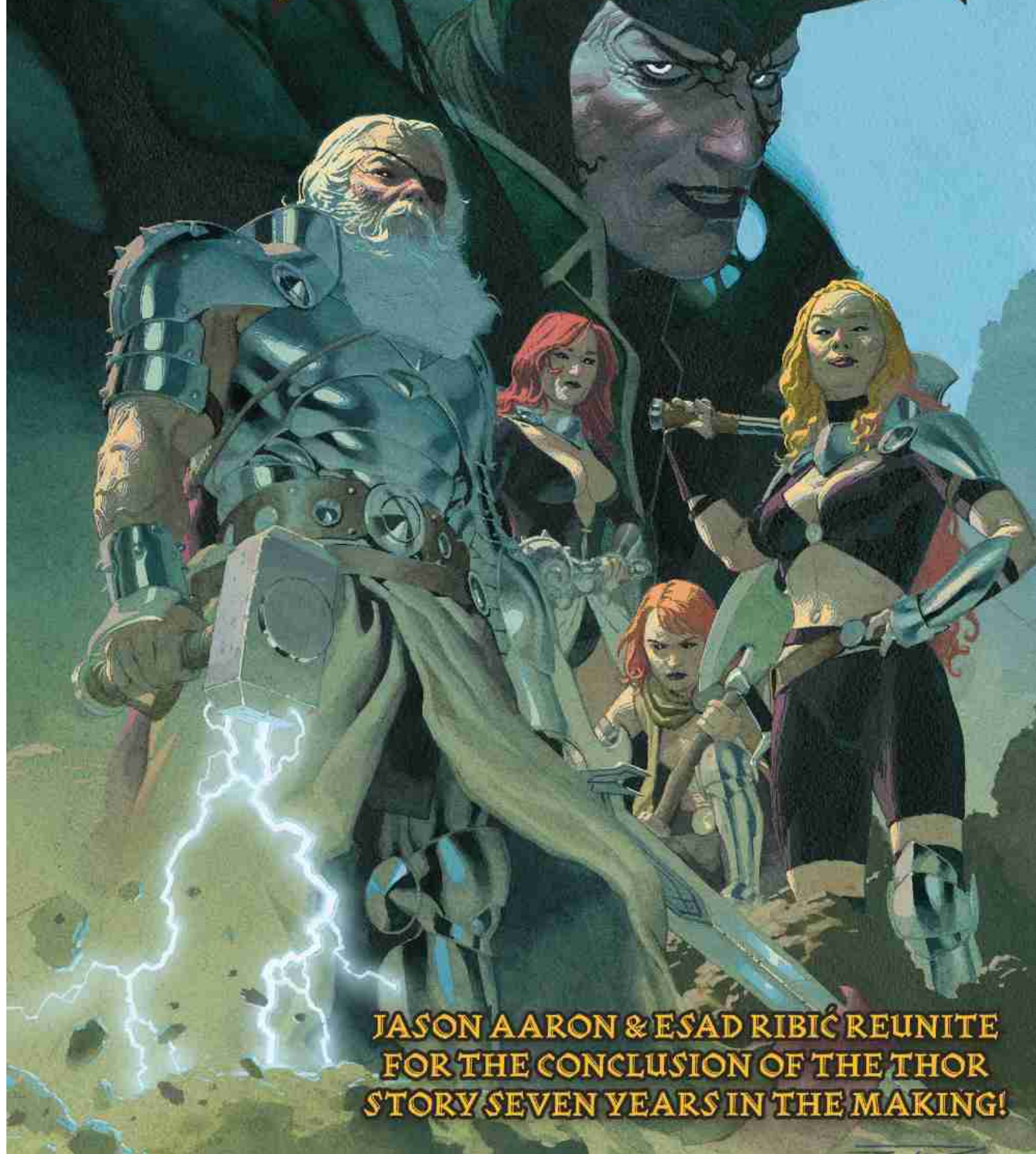
MARVEL

1

LGY#723

**AARON
RIBIĆ
SVORCINA**

KING THOR



**JASON AARON & ESAD RIBIĆ REUNITE
FOR THE CONCLUSION OF THE THOR
STORY SEVEN YEARS IN THE MAKING!**

KING THOR



THE GIRLS OF THUNDER

TOGETHER WITH THEIR GRANDFATHER, KING THOR, THE SISTERS FRIGG, ELLISIV AND ATLI HAVE WORKED TO REVITALIZE THE ONCE-DEAD EARTH OF THE FAR FUTURE. BUT EVEN THOUGH LIFE ON MIDGARD IS FLOURISHING ONCE AGAIN, THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE SEEMS TO BE DYING. WHILE THE GODDESSES SEARCH FOR ANSWERS...



KING THOR

...THEIR GRANDFATHER FACES THE FIGHT OF HIS VERY LONG LIFE. EONS AGO, HE FACED AN ENEMY NAMED GORR, WIELDER OF AN ANCIENT FORCE CALLED THE ALL-BLACK—BORN OF THE GOD KNULL AND FORGED IN THE FIRE OF A CELESTIAL. AFTER GORR'S DEATH, THE ALL-BLACK SPENT EONS HIDING OUT, FIRST IN GALACTUS, THEN IN EGO THE LIVING PLANET. NOW AT LAST IT HAS FOUND THE ULTIMATE HOST: THOR'S BROTHER LOKI. AND SO THE TRICKSTER GOD CARRIES A NEW TITLE...



LOKI THE ALL-BUTCHER

...AND HE'S HERE TO END THE UNIVERSE.

CHAPTER ONE: "TWILIGHT OF THE THUNDER GOD"

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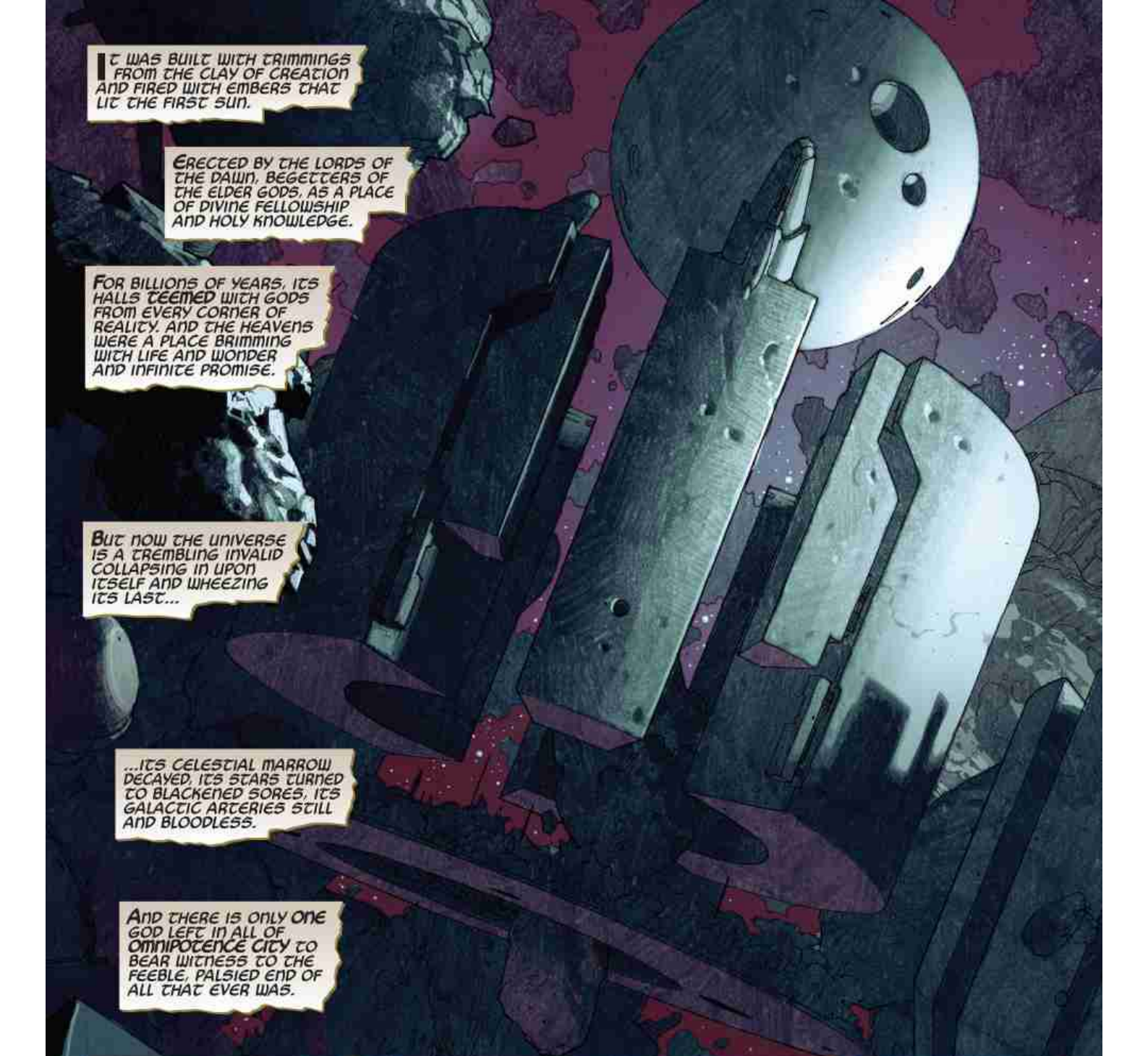
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IT WAS BUILT WITH TRIMMINGS
FROM THE CLAY OF CREATION
AND FIRED WITH EMBERS THAT
LIT THE FIRST SUN.

ERECTED BY THE LORDS OF
THE DAWN, BEGETTERS OF
THE ELDER GODS, AS A PLACE
OF DIVINE FELLOWSHIP
AND HOLY KNOWLEDGE.

FOR BILLIONS OF YEARS, ITS
HALLS TEEMED WITH GODS
FROM EVERY CORNER OF
REALITY, AND THE HEAVENS
WERE A PLACE BRIMMING
WITH LIFE AND WONDER
AND INFINITE PROMISE.

BUT NOW THE UNIVERSE
IS A TREMBLING INVALID
COLLAPSING IN UPON
ITSELF AND WHEEZING
ITS LAST...

...ITS CELESTIAL MARROW
DECAYED, ITS STARS TURNED
TO BLACKENED SORES, ITS
GALACTIC ARTERIES STILL
AND BLOODLESS.

AND THERE IS ONLY ONE
GOD LEFT IN ALL OF
OMNIPOTENCE CITY TO
BEAR WITNESS TO THE
FEEBLE, PALSIED END OF
ALL THAT EVER WAS.



BUT TODAY HE
HAS VISITORS.

THIS PLACE
SMELLS OF DEATH,
SISTERS. AND NOT
THE FUN KIND.



THERE'S A FUN KIND OF DEATH SMELL?

AYE, LIKE WHEN WARM, GUSHING TROLL BLOOD MELTS FRESHLY FALLEN SNOW. BUT THIS...THIS IS THE SLOW, ROTTING KIND OF DEATH.

GODS, I HOPE I DIE BEFORE I GET OLD.

WE SHOULDN'T BE HERE.



I'M STARTING TO THINK AGLI MIGHT BE RIGHT ABOUT THAT LAST PART.

I KNOW YOU HOPED THIS ANCIENT "NEXUS OF THE GODS" MIGHT HOLD SOME ANSWERS, ELLI, BUT THERE'S NOTHING LEFT HERE.

THAT CAN'T BE TRUE, FRIGG. THE WISDOM OF ALL THE AGES WAS KEPT IN THIS PLACE.

THIS WAS THE GREATEST LIBRARY IN THE HISTORY OF DIVINE KNOWLEDGE. THIS...



...WAS THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING.

YEAH, WELL NOW IT'S A BUNCH OF ROTTEN BOOKS THAT SMELL LIKE A LEPER'S BEEN USING THEM FOR A TOILET.

LET'S GO.

SPLAT



ELLI...I'M SORRY, BUT WE
NEED TO GET BACK
TO ASGARD.

WE SHOULD BE PREPARING
FOR THE FIGHT WE
KNOW IS COMING.

SO MUCH HAS BEEN LOST, ALL ACROSS
THE COSMOS. HOW IS LIFE SUPPOSED
TO ENDURE WHEN EVEN THE GODS
CANNOT PERSEVERE?

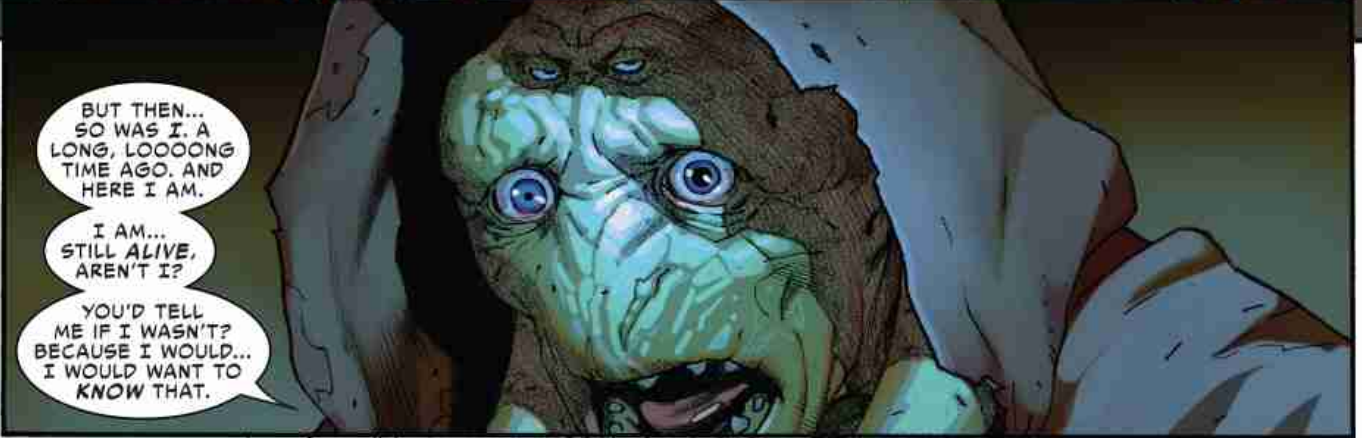
I CAN
ANSWER
THAT.



IT'S
NOT.

IT'S ALL
SUPPOSED
TO DIE.

EVERY
LAST LITTLE
SPECK OF
LIFE.



BUT THEN...
SO WAS I. A
LONG, LOOOONG
TIME AGO. AND
HERE I AM.

I AM...
STILL ALIVE,
AREN'T I?

YOU'D TELL
ME IF I WASN'T?
BECAUSE I WOULD...
I WOULD WANT TO
KNOW THAT.



TERRIFIC.
WE FOUND A
MADMAN.

ARE YOU...
THE LORD HIGH
LIBRARIAN?

HE KEPT
THE BOOKS ALIVE
FOR AS LONG AS HE
COULD. AND ONCE HE
COULDN'T FEED HIMSELF
ANYMORE, I DID IT FOR
HIM. FOR JUST A
FEW MILLION
YEARS.

HE WAS...
MY FRIEND.
WHETHER HE
LIKED IT
OR NOT.



MY NAME
IS SHADRAK,
GOD OF...
OF...

I'M AFRAID
I CAN'T
REMEMBER WHAT I
WAS ONCE THE GOD OF
ANYMORE. OF THINGS
FORGOTTEN,
I SUPPOSE.

DID YOU
KNOW...THERE
USED TO BE TEN
ENTIRE REALMS?
BUT NOW...THEY'RE
ALL MERELY ASH.
JUST LIKE THE
GODS.

TIME DID
WHAT GORR THE
GOD BUTCHER
COULDN'T.



GODS. THAT'S
WHY WE'RE HERE.
THEY CAN'T ALL BE
GONE. CAN YOU TELL
US HOW TO FIND ANY
WHO ARE LEFT? ANY
WHO COULD STAND
WITH US AGAINST...
WHAT WE KNOW
IS COMING.

YES, I KNOW
WHY YOU'VE COME
ALL THE WAY FROM
ASGARD, YOUNG
LADIES OF
THUNDER.

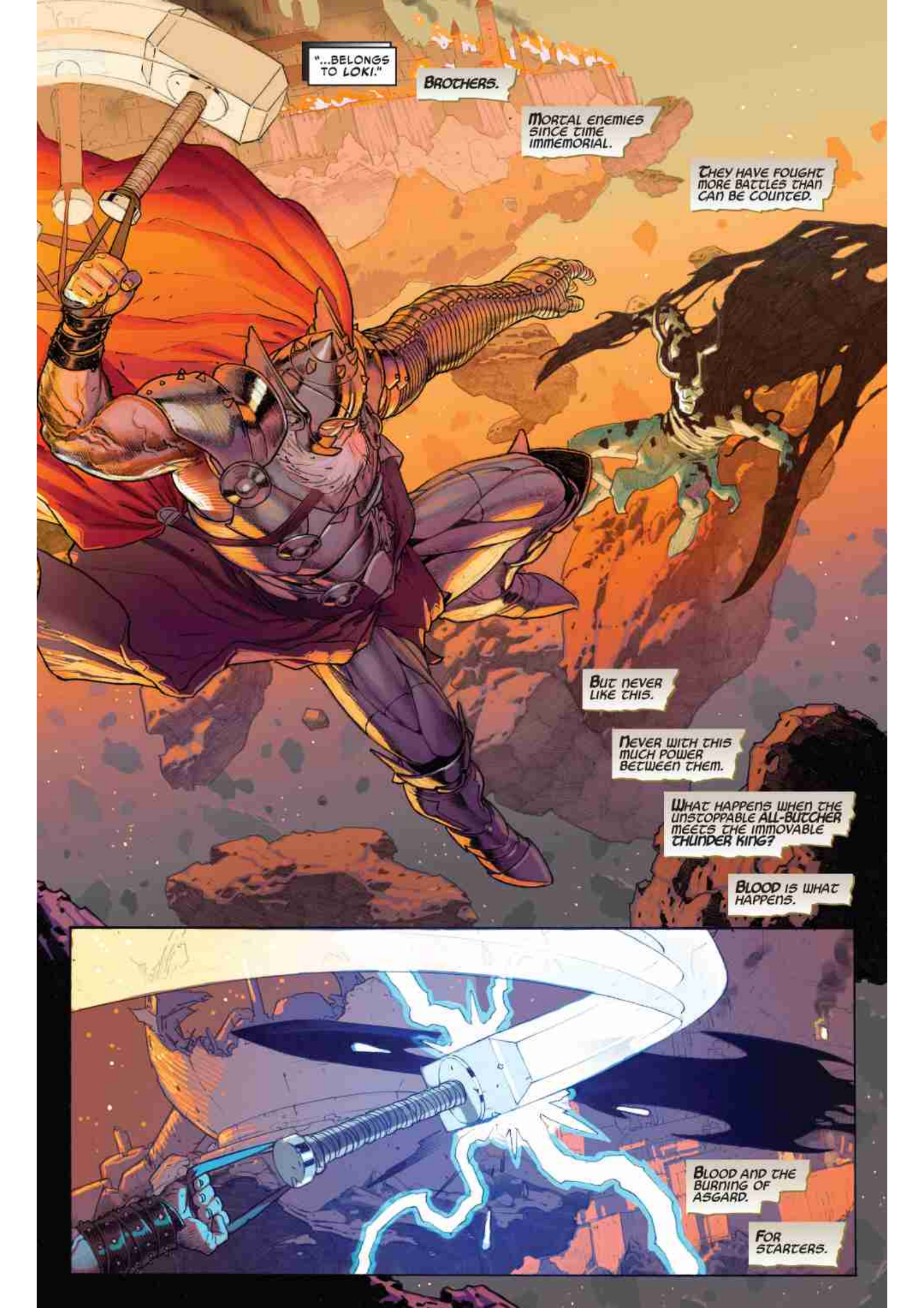


THE
ANNIHILABLADE.
THE GOD-
SLAYER.

IT PASSED
FROM KNULL TO
GORR TO THOR
TO GALACTUS
TO EGO.

AND NOW...
BY THE DIAMOND
MOONS OF OGHOGHO,
NOW ALL-BLACK THE
NECROSWORD HAS
GONE TO--





"...BELONGS
TO LOKI."

BROTHERS.

MORTAL ENEMIES
SINCE TIME
IMMEMORIAL.

THEY HAVE FOUGHT
MORE BATTLES THAN
CAN BE COUNTED.

BUT NEVER
LIKE THIS.

NEVER WITH THIS
MUCH POWER
BETWEEN THEM.

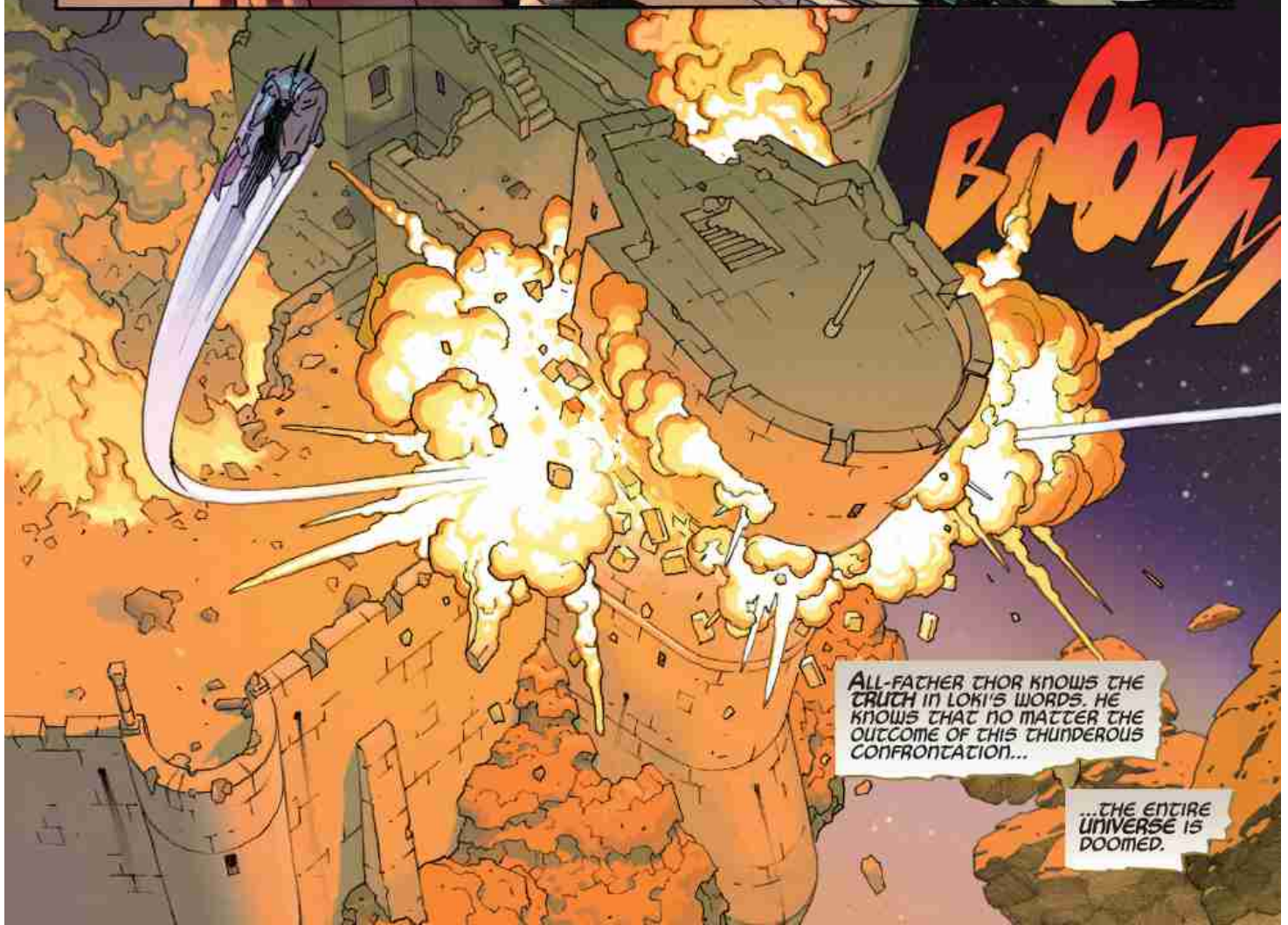
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE
UNSTOPPABLE ALL-BUTCHER
MEETS THE IMMOVABLE
THUNDER KING?

BLOOD IS WHAT
HAPPENS.



BLOOD AND THE
BURNING OF
ASGARD.

FOR
STARTERS.





THOR HAS WALKED THE DEAD AND DYING WORLDS THAT LITTER THE COSMOS. HE KNOWS EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THE FEW WHERE SOME SEMBLANCE OF LIFE STILL DESPERATELY CLINGS.



AND HE KNOWS THIS WORLD IS NOT ONE OF THEM.



SO HE FEELS NO QUALMS ABOUT WHAT HE MUST DO NEXT.

FLY, MJOLNIR!
FLY TO THE NEAREST STAR
THAT STILL BURNS!



YOUR HAMMER
WILL FIND YOU NO
AID, BROTHER! FOR
NONE REMAINS IN
THIS BARREN
EXISTENCE!

GAAGH!



ASGARD HAS FALLEN. THE GODS ARE NO MORE.

OH, AND YOUR BLESSED GRANDDAUGHTERS ARE DYING BENEATH MY WEAPON EVEN AS WE--

HACK



THE THOR-FORCE WILL NOT BE ENOUGH, JUST AS IT WASN'T ENOUGH AGAINST GORR. THE ALL-FATHER KNOWS THIS.

IT TOOK THREE THORS TO DEFEAT THAT BUTCHER, AND GORR WAS JUST A MORTAL BEFORE HE BECAME INFECTED WITH DARK POWER, WHILE LOKI...

FWOOO



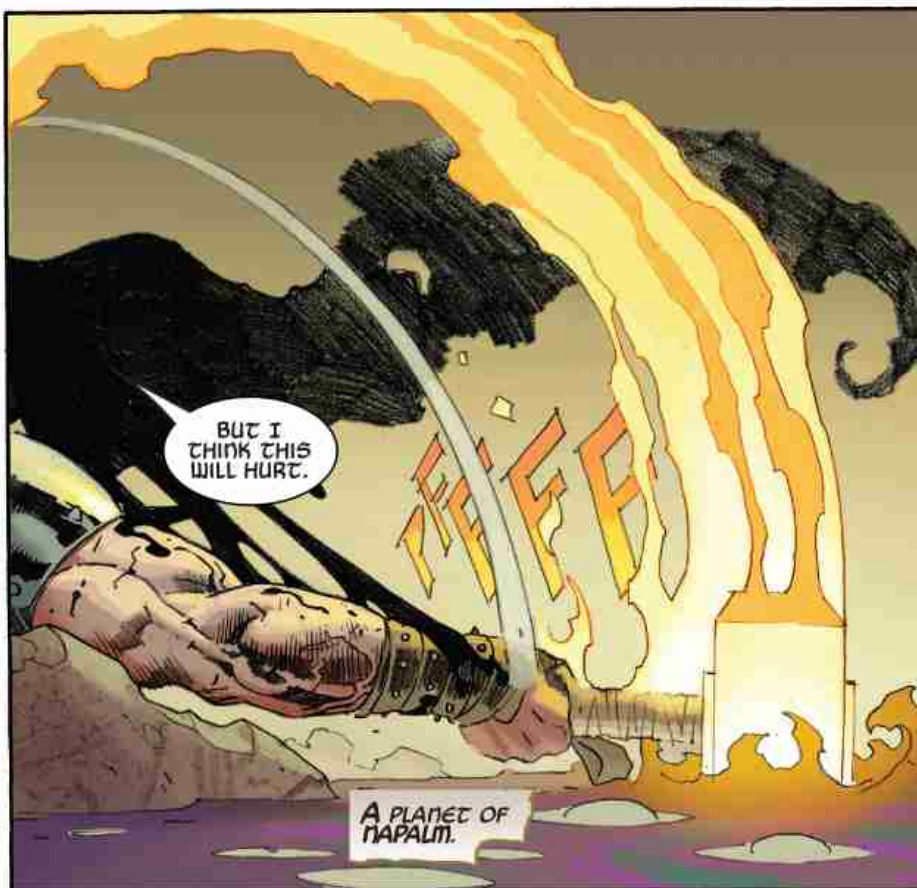
...LOKI WAS SPAWNED BY GIANTS AND RAISED BY GODS...AND HE HAS BEEN INFECTED WITH DARKNESS SINCE THE DAY HE WAS BORN.

YOU THREW YOUR HAMMER PAST A STAR SO THAT IT WOULD BURN? HA, YOU THINK MERE FIRE WILL STOP ME?



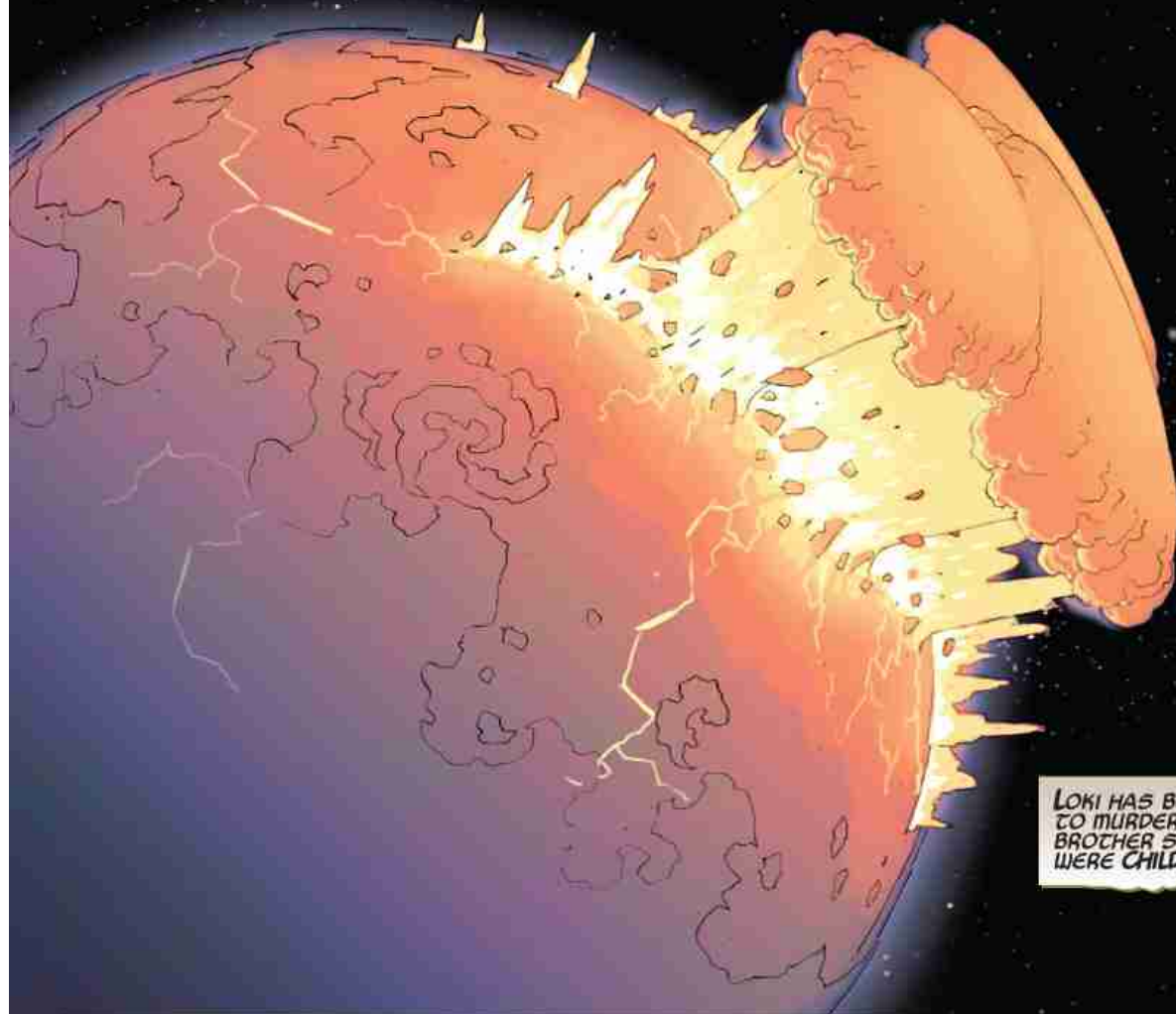
no.

THE UNIVERSE IS DYING, AND THIS PLANET IS A SIGN OF ITS DISEASE. A GANGRENOUS WORLD THAT OOZES JELLIED ACID LIKE PUS.

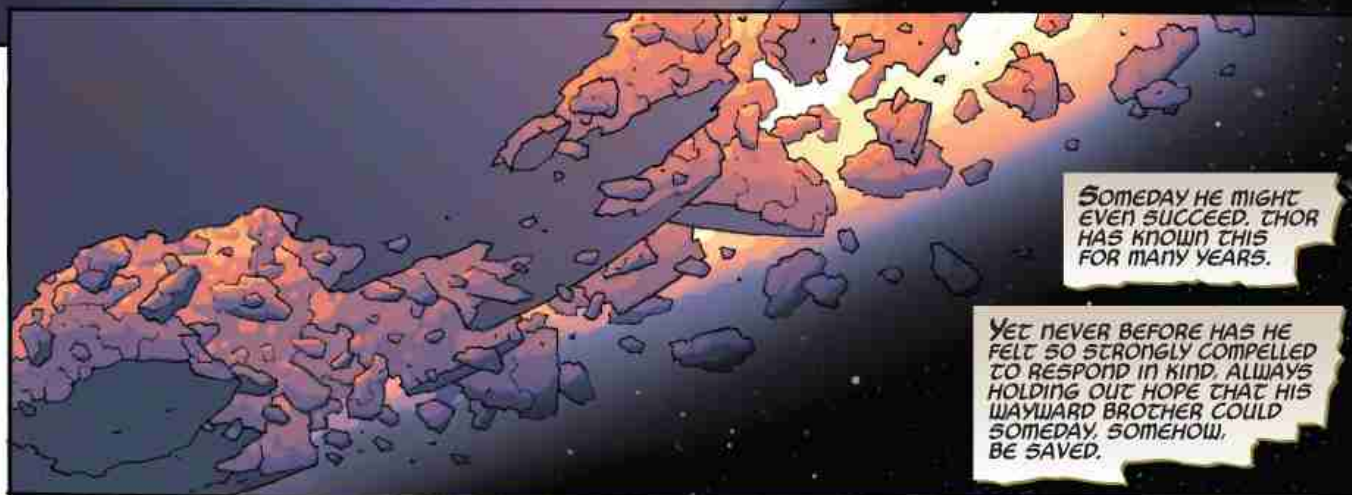


BUT I THINK THIS WILL HURT.

A PLANET OF NAPALM.



LOKI HAS BEEN TRYING TO MURDER HIS BROTHER SINCE THEY WERE CHILDREN.



SOMEDAY HE MIGHT EVEN SUCCEED. THOR HAS KNOWN THIS FOR MANY YEARS.

YET NEVER BEFORE HAS HE FELT SO STRONGLY COMPELLED TO RESPOND IN KIND. ALWAYS HOLDING OUT HOPE THAT HIS WAYWARD BROTHER COULD SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW, BE SAVED.



BUT FOR THE UNIVERSE TO SURVIVE, FOR MANKIND TO OULIVE ITS GODS, KING THOR NOW ACCEPTS THE DARK TRUTH...



...THAT LOKI MUST DIE.







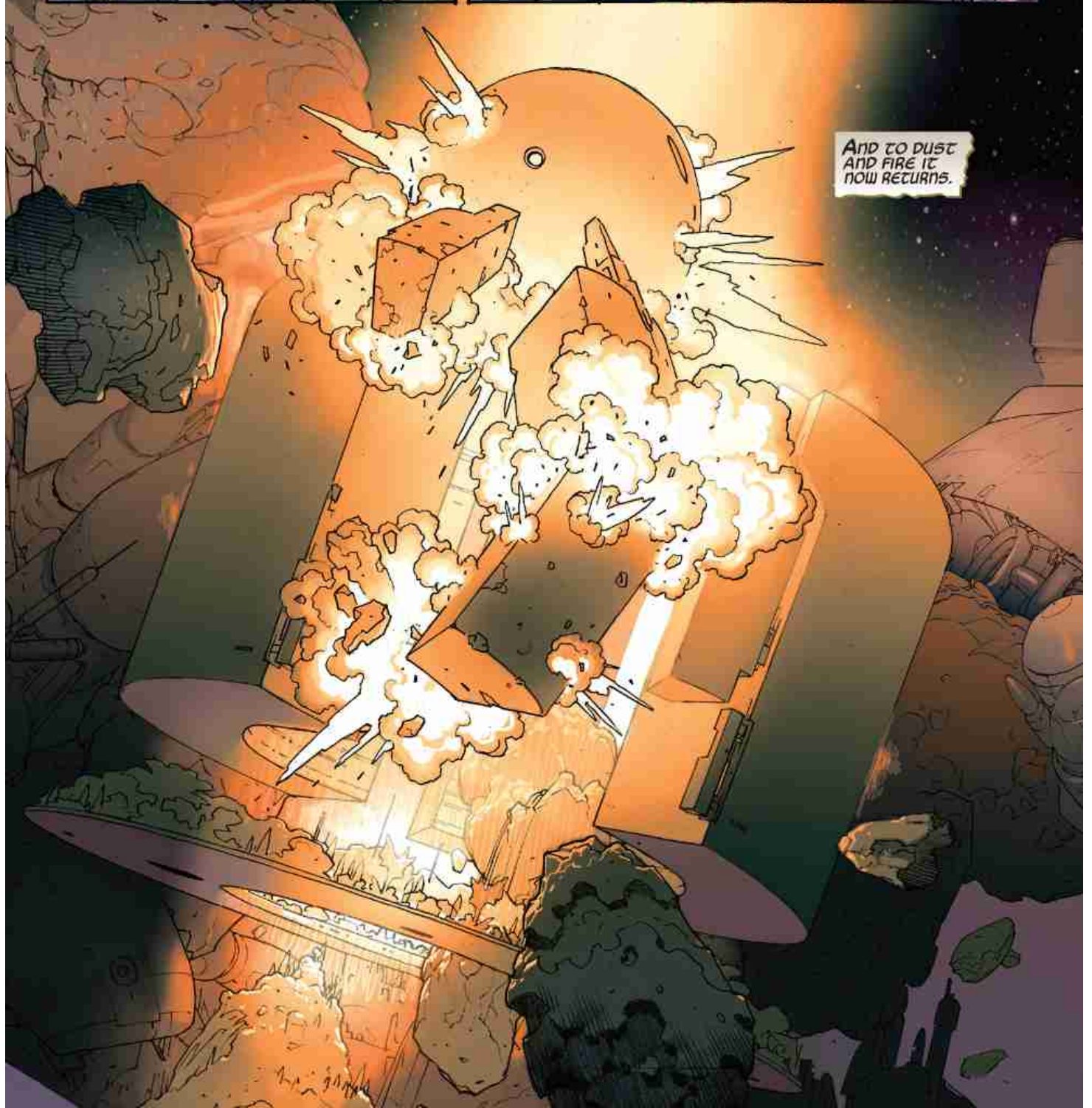
MY NAME IS
SHADRAK, GOD
OF BOMBS.

AND I
WISH YOU WELL,
GODDESSES OF
THUNDER.

GOODBYE
NOW.



OMNIPOTENCE CITY WAS
BUILT WITH TRIMMINGS
FROM THE CLAY OF
CREATION AND FIRED
WITH EMBERS THAT
LIT THE FIRST SUN.



AND TO DUST
AND FIRE IT
NOW RETURNS.



FROM GALAXIES AWAY,
KING THOR FEELS IT.
DEEP IN HIS GOD-GUTS.

OMNIPOTENCE
CITY. NO...

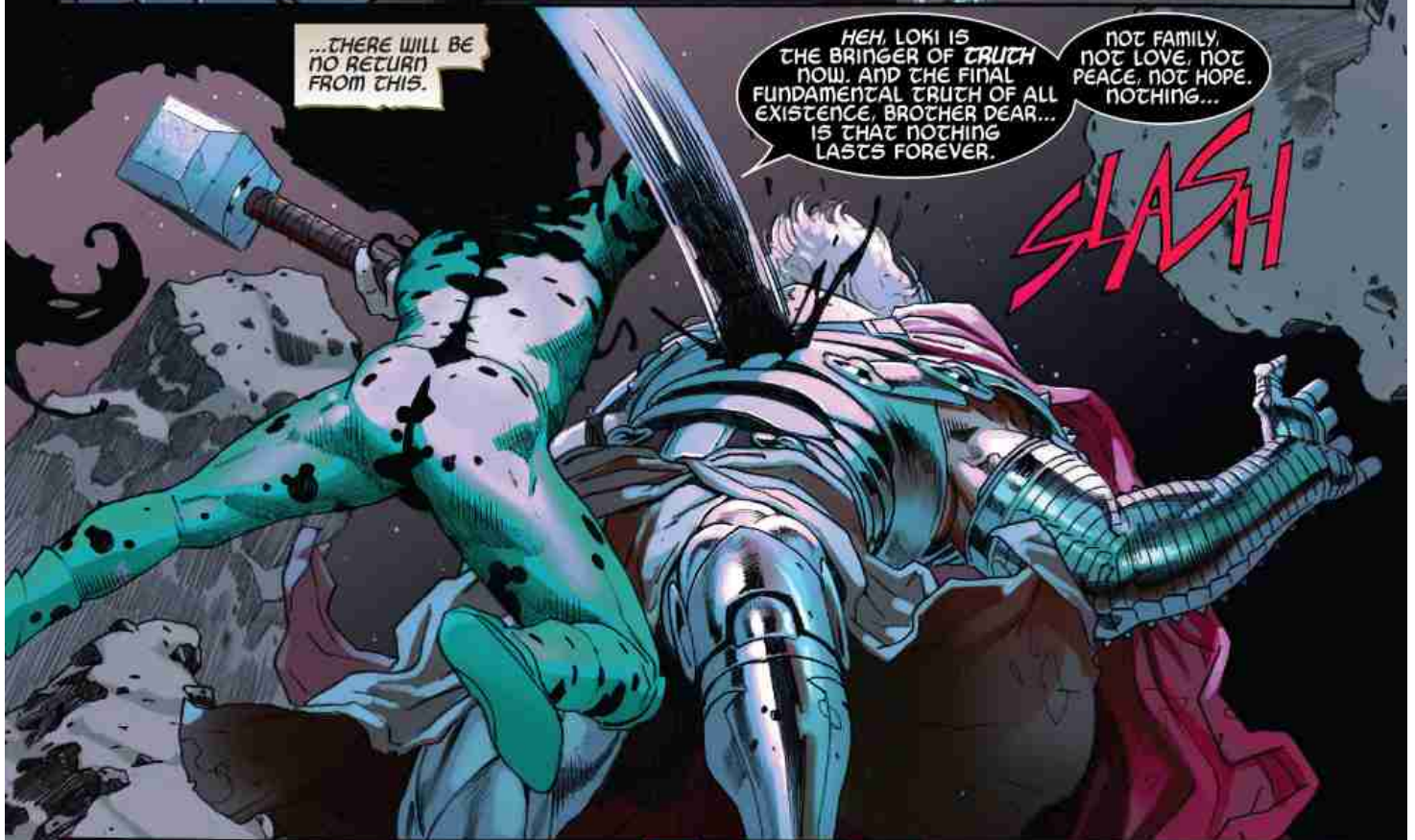


YES!

GRRRRGGH!

NO MORE
ASGARD! NO
MORE GODS! NO
MORE OF THE
LIE THAT IS
ETERNAL
LIFE!

THE FINAL ACT
HAS BEGUN.
AND THOR
KNOWS...



...THERE WILL BE
NO RETURN
FROM THIS.

HEH. LOKI IS
THE BRINGER OF TRUTH
NOW. AND THE FINAL
FUNDAMENTAL TRUTH OF ALL
EXISTENCE, BROTHER DEAR...
IS THAT NOTHING
LASTS FOREVER.

NOT FAMILY.
NOT LOVE. NOT
PEACE. NOT HOPE.
NOTHING...

SLASH



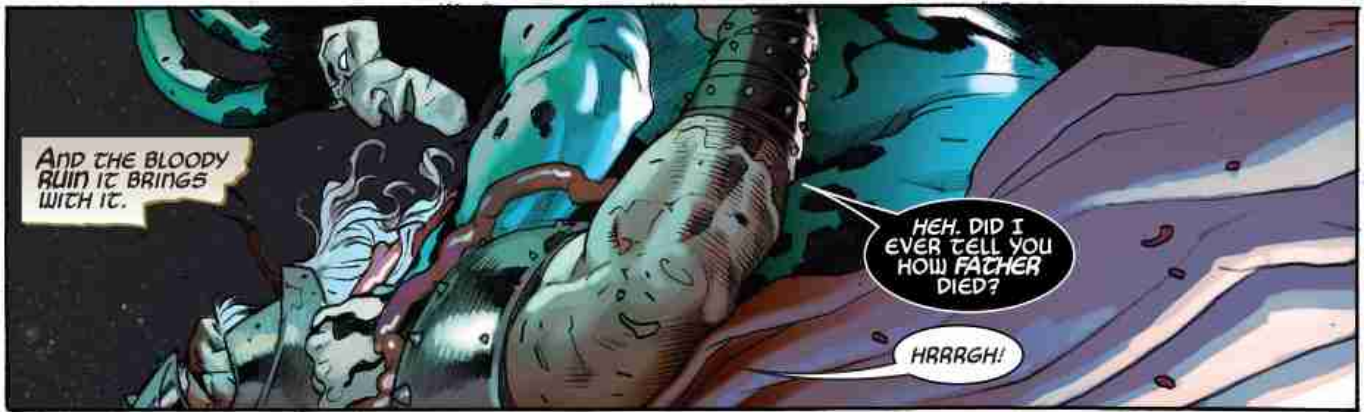
...EXCEPT
FOR LOKI!

AAAARRRRREEEEIIGGGHHH!!!

AS THOR'S INNARDS
ARE SENT SPILLING
ACROSS THE STARWAYS,
THE GREATEST AGONY
COMES NOT FROM HIS
GRIEVOUS WOUND BUT
FROM THE WITHERING
VERACITY OF LOKI'S
WORDS.

HHHACK

ALL THOSE EONS OF
STRUGGLE. AND IN
THE END THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT...BUT
THE VILEST HATRED
AND PETTIEST
SIBLING JEALOUSY.



AND THE BLOODY
RUIN IT BRINGS
WITH IT.

HEH. DID I
EVER TELL YOU
HOW FATHER
DIED?

HRRRGH!



YOU THOUGHT
HE DIED PEACEFULLY
IN HIS SLEEP. BUT IT
WAS ME. SNEAKING INTO
HIS ROOM EVERY NIGHT
FOR WEEKS. WHISPERING
IN HIS WITHERED
OLD EAR.

THE MOST
INTIMATE DETAILS
OF EVERY SINGLE
DROP OF BLOOD I'D
EVER SPILLED.
EVERY MIND I'D
VIOLATED.

ABOUT EVERY
WICKEDNESS I'D
EVER DONE. EVERY
VICIOUS LITTLE HORROR.
EVEN THE ONES I'D
NEVER TOLD
ANYONE.

AND IT WAS
ALL HIS FAULT.
I TOLD HIM. FOR
NOT STRANGLING
ME IN MY CRIB
WHEN HE
FOUND ME.



I AM
ODIN'S ULTIMATE
LEGACY.

THOSE WORDS
WERE WHAT KILLED
OUR FATHER. HE DIED
WEEPING, CHOKING ON
SHAME. AND MY
GRINNING FACE
WAS THE LAST
THING HE SAW.

JUST AS
IT WILL BE
FOR YOU,
THOR.

NO.
YOU'RE...
A LIAR. YOU
DIDN'T KILL
FATHER.



I DID!

GUUGH!

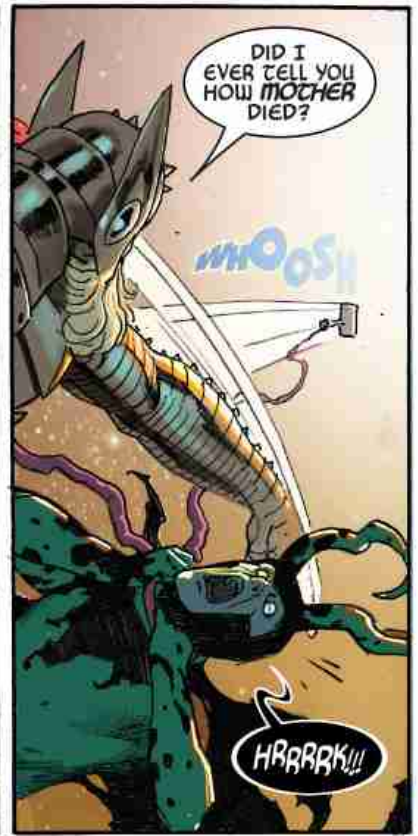


HE WAS A SHELL OF HIMSELF! HIS MIND GONE! I PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY! AND BURNED HIM ON A PYRE THE SIZE OF JOTUNHEIM!



BECAUSE IT WAS JOTUNHEIM! AND NOW YOU'LL BURN TOO, YOU JOTUNN-SPAWNED BASTARD!

no, you can't...



DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW MOTHER DIED?

HRRRRK!!!



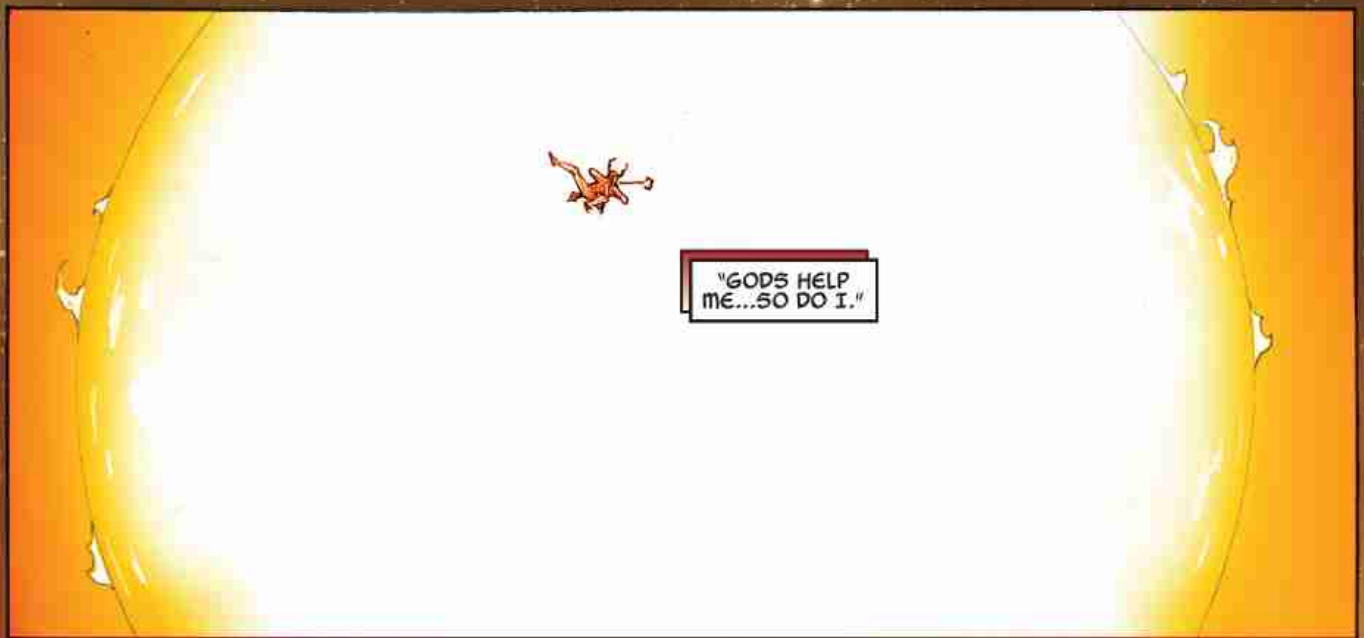
SHE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART, CURSING YOUR WRETCHED NAME!

YOU WERE FREYJA'S GREAT REGRET, LOKI!

WITH HER DYING BREATH, OUR MOTHER LAMENTED EVER BELIEVING IN YOU!



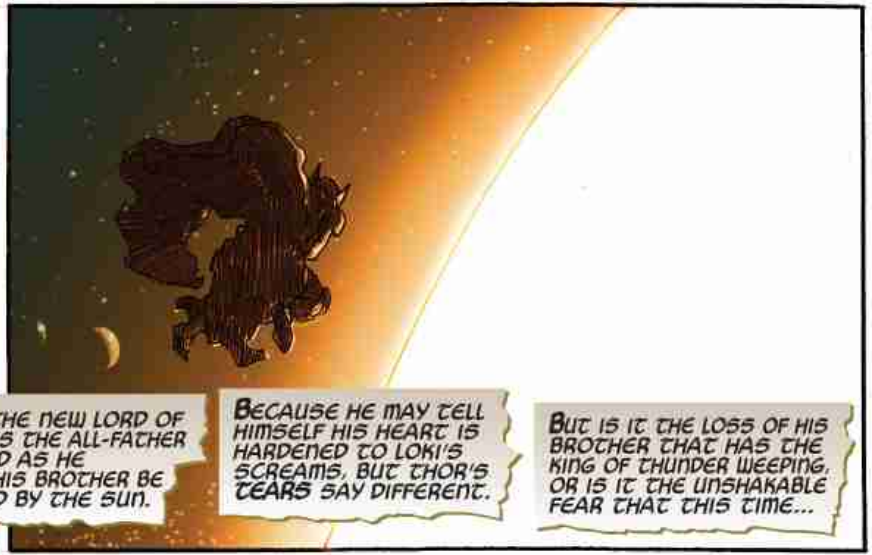
EVER LOVING YOU.



"GODS HELP ME...SO DO I."

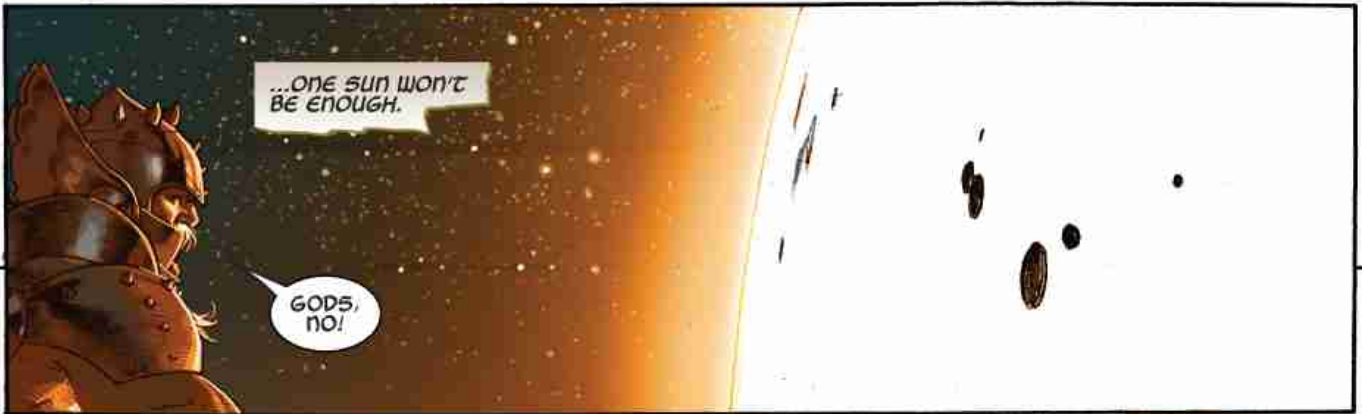


NOW I'M THE NEW LORD OF LIES, THINKS THE ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD AS HE WATCHES HIS BROTHER BE CONSUMED BY THE SUN.



BECAUSE HE MAY TELL HIMSELF HIS HEART IS HARDENED TO LOKI'S SCREAMS, BUT THOR'S TEARS SAY DIFFERENT.

BUT IS IT THE LOSS OF HIS BROTHER THAT HAS THE KING OF THUNDER WEEPING, OR IS IT THE UNSHAKABLE FEAR THAT THIS TIME...

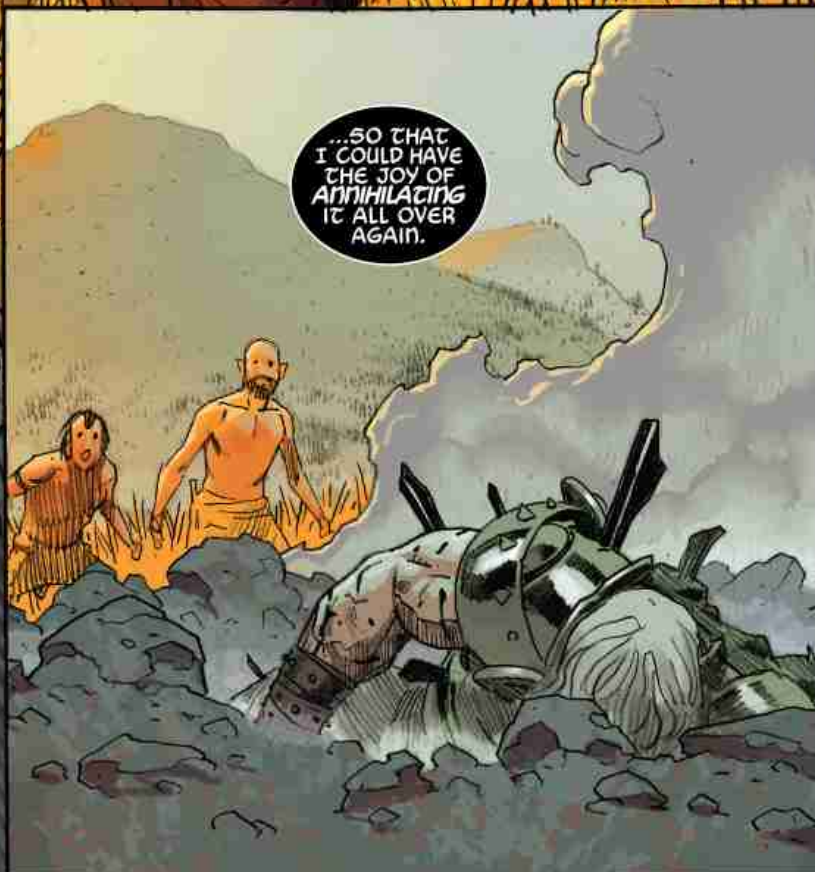
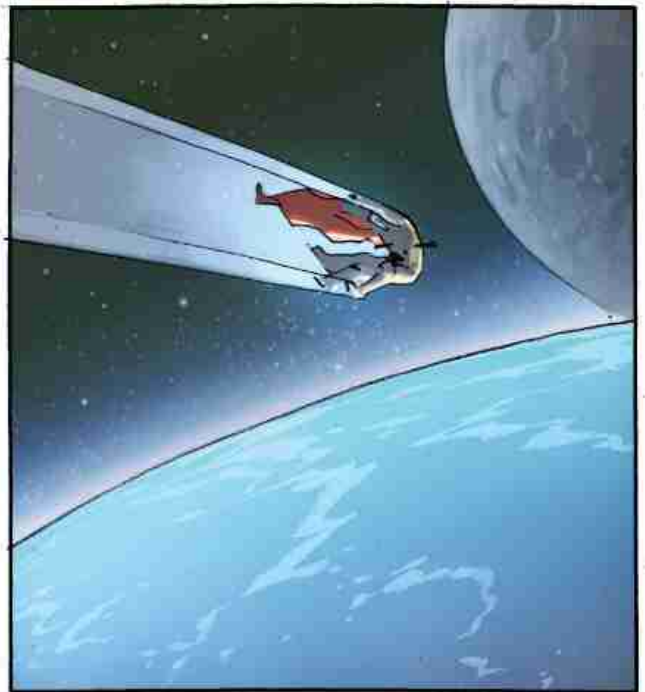


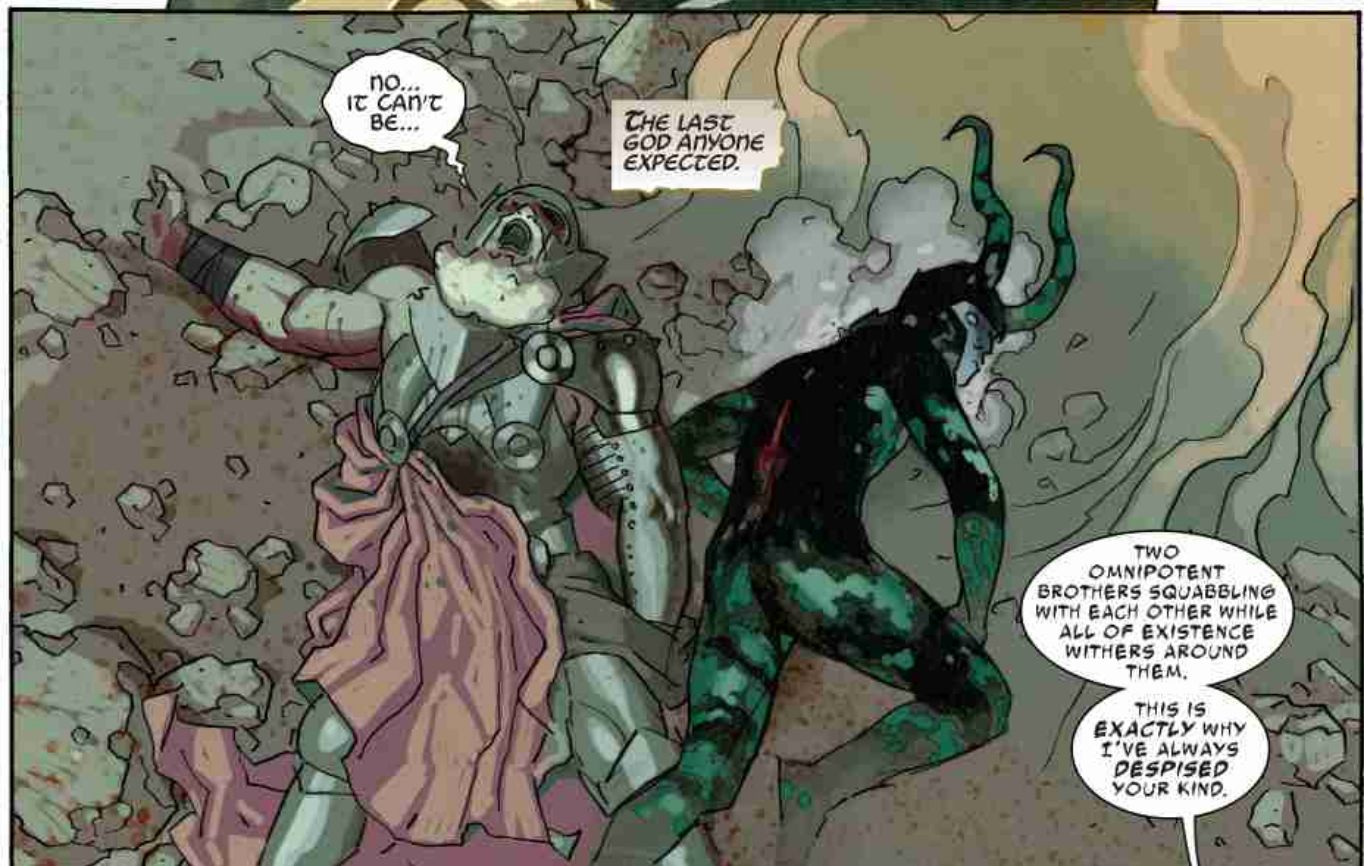
...ONE SUN WON'T BE ENOUGH.

GODS,
NO!



RRRRRGHH!!!





GORR, THE
GOD OF GOD
BUTCHERS.

THIS...
IS WHY ALL
GODS MUST
DIE.

 TO BE CONTINUED.

NEXT:



STAN'S SOAPBOX

For many years we've been trying, in our own bumbling way, to illustrate that love is a far greater force, a far greater power than hate. Now we don't mean you're expected to go around like a pirouetting Pollyanna, tossing posies at everyone who passes by, but we do want to make a point. Let's consider three men: Buddha, Christ, and Moses . . . men of peace, whose thoughts and deeds have influenced countless millions throughout the ages — and whose presence still is felt in every corner of the earth. Buddha, Christ, and Moses . . . men of good will, men of tolerance, and especially men of love. Now, consider the practitioners of hate who have sullied the pages of history. Who still venerates their words? Where is homage still paid to their memory? What banners still are raised to their cause? The power of love — and the power of hate. Which is most truly enduring? When you tend to despair . . . let the answer sustain you.

Excelsior!

Smiley



STAN LEE
FOREVER

GRAINGER, North Carolina . . . our pal SAL BUSCEMA, Virginia; while Jaunty J. STERANKO and Joltin' J. CRAIG both have their pads in Pennsylvania . . . Torrid TOM SUTTON, Massachusetts . . . JIM (Mad-man) MOONEY, Connecticut . . . and Valiant VINCE COLLETTA, Jumpin' JOHNNY SEVERIN, and Genial GENE COLAN, all nesting in New Jersey! The rest of us share the same high taxes and traffic jams in New York and Long Island — darn it! (And we never DID find out where Hon-est Irv holes up!)

Now, before cutting out, we've just gotta tell you about Jolly SOLLY BRODSKY. A few days ago he announced that he, stunner of the children were finally prepared to prepare

CAPTAIN AMERICA about a Marvel senses-shattering ita — featuring A really in action!

HULK #116: The whole world a SUPER-HUMAN And now — her dynamite!

IRON MAN #1 PHANTOM — power than a fers! Can ev him?

SUB-MARINE you thought the HUMAN of the Mad really rock

CAPTAIN I ble IRON PET MAS the Kree

SGT. FUR HITLER! when on traitor! T

CAPT. S you der "Savag blockb order!

COLLE matte MAN, ish arou

MIG dig THE KID wa

RA "N u

